

in the yard took fire and threw a jet of low flame on the ghastly scene.

I saw men get up and fall again to their knees. I was shivering and wet with sweat. The railway was crushed into kindling wood. I climbed out a back window, down on the roof of the freight platform and so to the ground. There was a running to and fro, useless and aimless; men were beside themselves. They plunged through wheat up to their knees at every step. All at once, above the frantic hissing of the buried skyscraper and the wild calling of the car tinks, I heard the stentorian tones of Neighbor, mounted on a twisted truck, organizing the men at hand into a wrecking gang. Soon people began running up the yard to where the skyscraper lay, like another Samson, prostrate in the midst of the destruction it had wrought. Foremost among the excited men, covered with dirt and blood, staggered Dad Hamilton.

"Where's McNeal?" cried Neighbor. Hamilton pointed to the wreck.

"Why didn't he jump?" yelled Neighbor.

Hamilton pointed at the twisted signal tower; the red light still burned in it.

"You changed the signals on him," he cried savagely. "What does it mean? We had right against everything. What does it mean?" he raved, in a frenzy.

Neighbor answered him never a word; he only put his hand on Dad's shoulder.

"Find him first! Find him!" he repeated, with a strain in his voice I never heard till then, and the two giants hurried away together. When I reached the skyscraper, buried in the thick of the smash, roaring like a volcano, the pair were already into the jam like a brace of ferrets, hunting for the engine crews. It seemed an hour, though it was much less, before they found any one; then they brought out 55's fireman. Neighbor found him. But his back was broken. Back again they wormed through twisted trucks, under splintered beams—in and around and over—choked with heat, blinded by steam, shouting as they groped, listening for word or cry or gasp.

Soon we heard Dad's voice in a different cry, one that meant everything, and the wreckers, turning like beavers through a dozen blind trails, gathered all close to the big fireman. He was under a great piece of the cab where none could follow, and he was crying for a bar. They passed him a bar; other men, careless of life and limb, tried to crawl under and in to him, but he warned them back. Who but a man baked twenty years in an engine cab could stand the steam that poured on him where he lay?

Neighbor, just outside, flashing a light, heard the labored strain of his breathing, saw him getting half up, bend to the bar, and saw the iron give like lead in his hands as he pried mightily.

Neighbor heard and told me long afterward how the old man flung the bar away with an imprecation and cried for one to help him, for a minute meant a life now. The boy lying pinned under the shattered cab was roasting in a jet of live steam. The master mechanic crept in.

By signs Dad told him what to do and then, getting on his knees, crawled straight into the dash of the white jet—crawled into it and got the cab on his shoulders.

Crouching an instant, the giant muscles of his back set in a tremendous effort. The wreckage snapped and groaned, the knotted legs slowly and painfully straightened, the cab for a passing instant rose in the air, and in that instant Neighbor dragged George McNeal from out the vise of death and passed him, like a pinch bar, to the men waiting next behind. Then Neighbor pulled Dad back, blind now and senseless. When they got the old fireman out he made a pitiful struggle to pull himself together. He tried to stand up, but the sweat broke over him, and he sank in a heap at Neighbor's feet.

That was the saving of George McNeal, and out there they still tell you about that lift of Dad Hamilton's.

We put him on the cot at the hospital next to his engineer, George, dreadfully bruised and scalded, came on fast in spite of his hurts, but the doctor said Dad had wrenched a tendon in that frightful effort, and he lay there a very sick and very old man long after the young engineer was up and around telling of his experience.

"When we cleared the chutes I saw white signals, I thought," he said to me at Dad's bedside. "I knew we had the right of way over everything. It was a hustle anyway on that schedule. Mr. Reed, you know that awful hustle with our load. I never choked her a notch to run the yards. Didn't mean to do it with the Junction grade to climb just ahead of us. But I looked out again, and, by hokey, I thought I'd gone crazy, got color blind—red signals! Of course I thought I must have been wrong the first time I looked. I choked her. I threw the air. I dumped the gravel. Heavens! She never felt it! I couldn't figure how we were wrong, but there was the red light. I yelled, 'Jump, Dad!' and he yelled, 'Jump, son!' Didn't you, Dad?"

"He jumped, but I wasn't ever going to jump, and my engine going full against a red lamp. Not much."

"I kind of dodged down behind the head; when she struck it was bluff, and she jumped about twenty feet up straight. She didn't? Well, it seemed like it. Then it was bluff, bluff, one after another. With that train behind her she'd have gone through Beverly hill. Did you ever buck snow with a rotary, Mr. Reed? Well, that was about it, even to the rolling and bearing. Dad, want to be down? Let me get another pillow behind you. Isn't

it better? Poor Musgrave!" he added, speaking of the engineer of 55, who was instantly killed. "He and the fireman both. Hard lines, but I'd rather have it that way, I guess, if I was wrong. Eh, Dad?"

Even after George went to work Dad lay in the hospital. We knew he would never shovel coal again. It cost him his good back to lift George loose, so the surgeon told us, and I could believe it, for when they got the jacks under the cab next morning, and Neighbor told the wrecking gang that Hamilton alone had lifted it six inches the night before on his back the wrecking boss fairly snorted at the statement, but Hamilton did just the same.

"Son," muttered Dad one night to George, sitting with him, "I want you to write a letter for me."

"Sure."

"I've been sending money to my boy back east," explained Dad feebly. "I told you he's in school."

"I know, Dad."

"I haven't been able to send any since I've been by, but I'm going to send some when I get my relief. Not so much as I used to send. I want you to kind of explain why."

"What's his first name, Dad, and where does he live?"

"It's a lawyer that looks after him—a man that tends to my business back there."

"Well, what's his name?"

"Scaylor—Ephraim Scaylor."

"Scaylor?" echoed George in amazement.

"Yes. Why, do you know him?"

"Why, that's the man mother and I had so much trouble with. I wouldn't write to that man. He's a rascal, Dad."

"What did he ever do to you and your mother?"

"I'll tell you, Dad, though it's a matter I don't talk about much. My father had trouble back there fifteen or sixteen years ago. He was running an engine and had a wreck. There were some passengers killed. The dispatcher managed to throw the blame on father, and they indicted him for manslaughter. He pretty near went crazy, and all of a sudden he disappeared, and we never heard of him from that day to this. But this man Scaylor, mother stuck to it, knew something about where father was, only he always denied it."

Trembling like a leaf, Dad raised up on his elbow. "What's your mother's name, son? What's your name?"

George looked confused. "I'll tell you, Dad. There's nothing to be ashamed of. I was foolish enough. I told you once, to go out on a strike with the engineers down there. I was only a kid, and we were all blacklisted. So I used my middle name, McNeal. My full name is George McNeal Sinclair."

The old fireman made a painful effort to sit up, to speak, but he choked. His face contracted, and George rose frightened. With a herculean effort the old man raised himself up and grasped George's hands.

"Son," he gasped to the astonished boy, "don't you know me?"

"Of course I know you, Dad. What's the matter with you? Lie down."

"Boy, I'm your own father. My name is David Hamilton Sinclair. I had the trouble, George." He choked up like a child, and George McNeal went white and scared; then he grasped the gray haired man in his arms.

When I dropped in an hour later they were talking hysterically. Dad was explaining how he had been sending money to Scaylor every month, and George was contending that neither he nor his mother had ever seen a cent of it. But one great fact overshadowed all the villainy that night—father and son were united and happy and a message had already gone back to the old home from George to his mother, telling her the good news.

"And that indictment was wiped out long ago against father," said George to me, "but that rascal Scaylor kept writing him for money to fight it with and to pay for my schooling—and this was the kind of schooling I was getting all the time. Wouldn't that kill you?"

I couldn't sleep till I had hunted up Neighbor and told him about it, and next morning we wired transportation back for Mrs. Sinclair to come out on.

Less than a week afterward a gentle little old woman stepped off the flier at Zanesville and into the arms of George Sinclair. A smart rig was in wait-

ing, to which her son hurried her, and they were driven rapidly to the hospital. When they entered the old fireman's room together the nurse softly closed the door behind them.

But when they sent for Neighbor and me, I suppose we were the two biggest fools in the hospital, trying to look so conscious of all we saw in the faces of the group at Dad's bed.

He never got his old strength back yet Neighbor fixed him out, for all that. The skyscraper, once our pride, was so badly smashed that we gave up hope of restoring her for a passenger run. So Neighbor built her over into a sort of dub engine for short runs, stubs, and so on; and though Dad had vowed long ago when unjustly condemned, that he would never more touch a throttle, we got him to take the skyscraper and the Acton run.

And when George, who takes the flier every other day, is off duty he climbs into Dad's cab, shoves the old gentleman aside and shoots around the yard in the rejuvenated skyscraper at a hair raising rate of speed.

After awhile the old engine got so full of alkali that George gave her a new name—Soda Water Sal—and it hangs to her yet. We thought the best of her had gone in the Harvard wreck, but there came a time when Dad and Soda Water Sal showed us we were very much mistaken.

Two Doctors.

Almost every one has made his jest about the proneness of doctors to disagree, the one prescribing exactly an opposite course from that ordered by another, but not every one has had an opportunity to conduct such an experiment as was made by the late Baron Lutz, formerly prime minister of Bavaria. The baron was once severely wounded in battle in both legs. The wound in one leg was much like that in the other. It struck him that there was a chance to study the ways of the surgical profession and beguile the long hours of his convalescence. He accordingly called in one doctor and gave him charge of his right leg, but told him nothing about the wound in the other, and then called in another doctor for his left leg, keeping him similarly in ignorance about the wounded right leg. The doctors adopted a very different method of treatment, but both wounds healed at about the same time. When the baron's legs were quite well he derived a great deal of amusement from getting the doctors together and mystifying them with questions about the way each had treated "his leg."

Some Thought For Food.

If people were as particular to have their food fit their insides as they are to have their clothes fit their outsides, they would be better satisfied with the world and themselves.

When good digestion waits on appetite a man may either dare to love or fight.

The food that fits the stomach is the food that rules the world.

If you forget what you have to eat, then you may let you won't forget what you have eaten and will continue to eat it unless your judgment is as weak as your digestion.

Indigestion is the devil's workshop. Dyspepsia uncovers a multitude of sins.

It's easy going when your stomach works all right.

No food is sometimes good food.

A meal of victuals on the table is worth two in the stomach.

An overloaded stomach is bound to break down.

Food that won't set on the stomach shouldn't have a chance to.

An overful stomach is a pasture for nightmares.—W. J. Lampton in New York Herald.

Cipher Writing.

The art of secret writing, or writing in cipher, was, according to Polybius, invented by Ennius, author of a treatise on tactics and other works. He produced twenty methods of writing in cipher, which no person could unfold, but we doubt much whether they would preserve this quality at the present day. It is no less strange than true that this art, so important in diplomacy, as long as couriers are liable to be intercepted, was held in abhorrence by the elector Frederic II, who considered it as a diabolical invention. Trithemius, abbot of Spanheim, had composed several works to revive this branch of knowledge, and Berville, an ignorant mathematician, being unable to comprehend the extraordinary terms he made use of to explain his method, published that the work was full of diabolical mysteries. Poissieu repeated the assertion, and Frederic, in a holy zeal, ordered the original work of Trithemius, which he had in his library, to be burned as the invention of the devil.

Graceless Children.

Michael Minot, a French preacher, who died in Paris in 1518, was noted for his eccentricities in the pulpit and the rapidity with which he changed from humor to pathos, from the commonplace to the beautiful. "There were once pillories for swearers," he said on a certain occasion, "but if the law were enforced now two-thirds of the empire would be in the stocks and there would be the child of five years and the dotard of eighty who has only two teeth remaining to fling out an oath." Changing suddenly to denounce those who neglected the aged parents who had cherished them in prosperity, he said: "See the trees flourish and recover their leaves! It is their root that has produced all, but when the branches are loaded with flowers and fruits they yield nothing to the root. This is an image of those children who prefer their own amusement and to game away their own fortunes to giving their old parents the care which they want."

ROLL OF HONOR.

The Following Have Paid or Renewed their Subscriptions Since Last Report.

J P Bridwell	Ky
O N Kirk	"
J M Allison	"
G B Crawford	"
J A Jacobs	"
M A Wing	"
J Y Hunt	City
T A Ford	Mo
D J Stevens	Ky
J R Daniel	"
G A Hill	"
J F Robinson	City
F F Rushing	"
Gid J Green	Ky
J O Taber	R R
Etta Williamson	"
H F Summers	"
Frank James	Ky
S N Marvel	Mo
H B Stevens	Ky
W V Horning	"
L W Taber	"
D Bradford	Mon
J M Terry	Ky
Auther Stone	"
R L Howerton	"
J B Morse	Kan
Mrs. E J Harrod	City
Lemuel Watson	Ky
F Hardesty	Ill
C E Douglas	City
K E Cannan	"
A S Cannan	"
W H Brantley	Ky
R S Elkins	City
Geo H Foster	"
Ed M Robertson	"
Chas Robertson	R R

He Fought at Gettysburg.

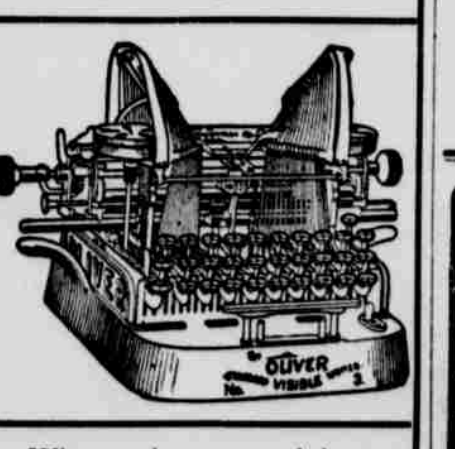
David Parker, of Fayette, N. Y., who lost a foot at Gettysburg, writes: "Electric Bitters have done me more good than any medicine I ever took. For several years I had stomach trouble and paid out much money for medicine to little purpose, until I began taking Electric Bitters. I would not take \$500 for what they have done for me." Grand tonic for the aged and for female weaknesses. Great alternative and body builder; sure cure for lame back and weak kidneys. Guaranteed by J. H. Orme, druggist, 50c.

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Baby Folded in Bed

Bristol, Tenn., April 30.—The two week old baby of Mr. and Mrs. I. B. Cowan came near being smothered to death by being fastened in a folding bed. Mr. Cowan was preparing to start to work about 8 o'clock in the morning, and seeing that the folding bed was not closed he proceeded to fix it. He did not notice the baby, which was on the bed sleeping, and folded up the bed and left the house. A few minutes later Mrs. Cowan inquired for the nurse for the baby. They looked all around until they finally opened the bed and found the little one still asleep and unharmed. The child was lying with its head down and had a narrow escape.

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Leave Marion 12:20 pm	Arrive Evansville 3:45 pm
Leave Marion 1:40 pm	Arrive Evansville 6:00 pm
Leave Marion 11:00 pm	Arrive Evansville 3:00 am
Leave Marion 11:00 pm	Arrive Chicago 9:30 am

SOUTH BOUND

Leave Marion 1:16 am	Arrive Princeton 2:00 am
Leave Marion 1:17 am	Arrive Nashville 5:10 am
Leave Marion 11:17 am	Arrive Princeton 12:15 pm
Leave Marion 1:40 pm	Arrive Princeton 4:50 pm
Leave Marion 7:35 pm	Arrive Princeton 8:35 pm
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